VEILED PROPHET QUEENS OF THE PAST

Who will be this year's Queen of the Great Ball? Not even the Veiled Prophet himself knows at the present moment. A Sunday Republic artist has taken the photographs of former Queens and evolved a composite that may give some indication of what this year's "first lady" will look like.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

She carries a goddess, and she looks a queen.

The Veiled Prophets must have had in mind some such line, when they choose the six fair girls, who have figured as queens of their great autumnal balls.

To be a queen of the Veiled Prophet's Ball is a distinction which casts a glamour over the entire social career of her who is so honored. Her friends and acquaintances begin or end a talk about her with the remark

"She was a queen, you know, of a Veiled Prophet's Ball."

In newspaper paragraphs this fact is referred to every time the distinguished subject of the paragrapher's pen is mentioned. It is an honor never to be obliterated from the public mind.

The new order of things in the camp of the Veiled Prophet began in 1894. The ball, always a theme of pride with the men who inaugurated it twenty-two years ago, had lost the flavor in society's taste that it had in its inception and for years afterwards. It needed new spice and sparkle to revivify the old delight society folks once took in it.

The fruit of the thought and fancy of the leaders in the movement was the selection of a queen by a committee vote. This queen was to be properly crowned with a jeweled gem and attended by maids of honor, also designated by a majority vote of this same committee.

Among the most ardent advocates of the revivification procedure was Judge Henry D. Laughlin. Now, it is not positively stated, but strongly suggested—the Veiled Prophets do not like positive assertions about their time-honored organization, but acknowledge that they cannot help being recognized even underneath the mystifying disguise of the Veiled Prophet's robes—that Judge Laughlin was the Veiled Prophet of 1894. Paternal pride naturally made him choose his fair daughter, Hester, as the consort of his evening's honors.

The movement happily inaugurated six years ago was repeated the following season. Those who attended that ball were not slow in discovering behind the hooded form and veiled countenance of the mighty Veiled Prophet the genial person of Mr. L. D. Kingsland. Tall and portly, with characteristic gait and gesture, it was impossible not to recognize him. Quite natural, too, that the dainty girl upon whose brow he placed the queen's insignia should be Miss Bessie Kingsland, his pretty young daughter.

Then came Mary Louise McCreery, again the chosen queen of a father's loving pride. Jane Dorothy Fordyce, daughter of the railroad magnate, was the queen of the '97 ball.

Marie Therese Scanlan was crowned a year later by a near relative, and Ellen Humphrey Walsh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Walsh, by—but that is recent history and, therefore, still shrouded in secrecy.

The six queens of past Veiled Prophets' balls are representatives of family pedigree, wealth and beauty, but, strange to say, not one of them has married. Two of them have announced their engagements, Miss Fordyce and Miss McCreery, and the others are apparently heart-whole and fancy-free.

The queens by designation of Veiled Prophet choice are daughters of mothers who were queens in their day at the first balls. These queens were chosen by public acclamation, and, though uncrowned, they reigned no less supreme.

Two of St. Louis's fairest flowers rivaled for the honors of the queenship of the first Veiled Prophet's ball. They were Nellie Hazeltine, unforgotten to this day, because of her beauty and charming manners, and Cora Baker, now Mrs. Asby Chouteau. The latter lives in the Far West, and is now a handsome matron. Miss Hazeltine, who afterwards became Mrs. Fred Paramore, died many years ago. One of her partners at the first Veiled Prophet's ball, a warm admirer of her beauty, now, too, gone to his last rest, wrote a little poem which was printed in a local society paper with the announcement of her death. It was his last tribute. Mrs. Paramore died February 21, 1884, while all the wealth and beauty of the city were at the opera listening to Patti. Valentine's Day had but just passed. Few knew at the time the author of the tender tribute. Here it is:

A year ago I promised thee
White roses for a valentine.
Dear, though thy slumber canst thou see
(A year ago I promised thee)
That now I lay them, reverently,
In those fair, folded hands of thine?
A year ago I promised thee
White roses for a valentine.

Another of the earlier uncrowned queens of the Veiled Prophet's ball, Mrs. Henry Siegrist, died last spring, and some have married and gone away from the city.

Josephine McKellops, daughter of Doctor J. P. McKellops, who has never missed a Veiled Prophet's ball, was one of the beauties of those days, and a ball queen by public acclamation.

Nellie Haynes, now Mrs. Judge Langbein, the mother of the first queen, was another.

Nellie and Lutie Blow, one Madame de Smirnoff and the other Mrs. Charles Le Bourgeois; Ella Fletcher, who became Mrs. Perry Bartholow; Ella Parker, now Mrs. Tootle; Della and Lulu Powell, who are now Mmes. Chambers and Robinson; Lily Morrison, now Mrs. Joe Carr, and mother of that famous young beauty, Lily Carr (Mrs. Hope Norton), were the society girls of the early Veiled Prophet days, and consequently queens at these balls.

Then came another set, among whom shone Margaret Clark, who is now Mrs. Harvey Mudd; Dorcas Carr, now Mrs. Ernest Bell; Carry Pope, who married Mr. Will Boeckeler; Annie Lemp, who first married Henry Meyer and then Alexander Konta, and who has lived abroad for several years, were signally beautiful women at the balls of the early eighties, of which the 1886 ball was the most memorable.

At this ball were present Grover Cleveland, then in the last year of his first presidency, and his wife. A large platform was built against the north wall of the immense hall. This was magnificently decorated and provided with handsome chairs this platform the President and his court of honor viewed the quadrills of the Prophet. Mrs. Mary Scanlan, the mother of the queen of 1898, was in this party. So was Miss Hattie Glenn, Mrs. D. R. Francis, at whose house the President was entertained, and a few others. It was perhaps the most exclusive ball of them all, for the number of invitations was somewhat curtailed, and the list of guests carefully scrutinized.

Twenty-two years is two-thirds of the span of a human life. What wonder, then, that at this year's ball will tip-toe the pretty daughters of handsome mothers who danced as maids at the balls of the late seventies?

The Rolled-Up Sleeve Is the Latest Girl Fancy.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

The returning summer girl—perhaps she should be called the early autumn girl—may be seen these still hot September days going about on the boulevards, playing tennis in the broiling sun, or boarding street cars with a new golf stick in her hand, and all this with a new and somewhat novel way of wearing her shirt sleeves.

They are rolled up.

Not quite above the elbow, but the cuff folded back once and then once again—in other words, just twice its width.

This exposes a forearm much browned by summer outing at the lake or sea; gives a freedom to the arms that is delightful in summer time; and, best of all, cool.

Then it's new and somewhat smart, and this last appeals to every returning maid who likes to come back to town with just a few touches in costume that are different from the stay-at-homes.

It is unnecessary to say the sleeves-rolled-up girl originated at the resorts this year. She is a natural outgrowth of another girl—the long-cuffed variety that appeared early in the season. Fashion decreed quite far back in June that shirt-waist cuffs must be long, or rather that sleeves should be long enough for the cuffs to come well down over the hand, like the lace and fancy cuffs that women wore so much last spring.

Now this was all very well for the first cool, pleasant days of summer when shirt waists were a novelty anyway. But when the real earnest work of the season began, like tennis and boating and what not, do you fancy the summer girl proposed to stand those long cuffs for one moment? No, indeed. She first pinned them up and then boldly turned them back; and back they've been turned ever since.

For a girl with a pretty forearm the idea obviously has its advantages. For a girl with any old kind of forearm—"wrist all the way up to the elbow," as one slender maid was mockingly heard to remark about her own by no means unsightly arms—there is at least a solid satisfaction that comes from feeling comfortable and looking up-to-date.

WHAT FLATTERY DID FOR LILLIAN RUSSELL.

"Tis an old maxim in the schools
That flattery is the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.

—Francis J. O'Neill in the Washington Post.

I remember a story about Lillian Russell, that most flattered and magnetic of stage women. It happened prior to the last tour she made under the Lederer management. She had declared she would never sign with Mr. Lederer again. She said so to interviewers, and there was a lot of gossip about it in the dramatic columns of the New York and other newspapers. Then Mr. Lederer announced that she would warble for him. There were more denials, more gossip. Then the tour was announced, and Miss Russell filled her contract.

This was the secret: The singer was one day passing the Casino, the scene of her great triumphs. She paused. She entered, the lobby. She chatted with one of the attaches. Another slipped off to Mr. Lederer's office, and announced her presence. That gentleman dug into a bottom drawer of his desk, and brought out an old imperial photograph of the song bird, which, with careful carelessness, he poised on a battered photo easel. Then he put on his overcoat, turned into the lobby as if by accident, saw Miss Russell, seemed surprised, shook her hands and chatted. He had a letter from London he would like to show her; would she come to his office? She would. He had quite a search in his pocket for the key. He had been out for some time, he averred. He offered the lady a seat. She gasped with delighted surprise, as she gazed at the photo, for she was not on very good terms with the manager. Did he really like her so much as to keep her photograph on his desk, and her favorite picture, too, the negative of which had been broken and which she could not duplicate? Indeed he did, he assured her. She was part of the Casino, he told her in a sentimental tone. She would forever be associated with its most treasured glories—he was careful not to say traditions." Would he give her that photo, and she would send him one to replace it? He could refuse her nothing, but would she please not ask for that? He would not like to part with it. Not only did he want it for the most honored place in his collection, but he intended to have it copied by a distinguished painter, the painting to be hung in the Casino foyer.

The vocal beauty drew up her chair. The conversation became as "confectionery" as Lillian ever permitted herself to indulge in with a manager, against whose tribe she was always on guard.

The contract was signed soon after.